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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 218.]

The loss of Gassmann was a severe blow also to the young Emperor; and it was, perhaps, partly from affection to him that his favor to the Kapellmeister's pupil—almost adopted son—rose so high. He immediately offered Salieri the now vacant place of imperial royal chamber composer—which the appointed had been too modest to apply for—accompanied by a decree securing to him a salary of 100 ducats and a free lodging. He was also appointed Kapellmeister to the Italian opera with a salary of 300 ducats—the now aged and feeble Bono taking the place of imperial royal Court kapellmeister.

Salieri works this year (1774) were the comic opera with choruses, "*La calamità de' cori*," text by Goldoni—successful, and two cantatas of not great merit, for soli and chorus, composed for the benefit concerts of the Musicians' Widows and Orphans' Institute.

In 1775 he set a comic opera by von Gamara, but the third act was feeble, and the work had little success.

The composer's love story comes in here, and I agree with old Mosel that it is worth the reading—and tell it.

Not that it is much of a story; but one of those old men's reminiscences, which carry the hearer or reader back with them into long past days—in which we rather like the innocent vanity running like a colored thread through the web, and which give us oftentimes (in the memoirs of old artists) such queer glimpses into their real characters, with their great want of religious principle, but superabundant religious faith in a providence specially provided for them. Now hear Salieri and see how lovingly he dwells upon that youthful love.

"In the course of this year I became acquainted with that angel, whom God had appointed for my wife. In the year 1775, I gave music lessons to a young Countess, who was receiving her education in the nunnery of St. Lawrence, and whom I had instructed, before she went thither, at her father's house. In the same cloister other girls, mostly motherless, were boarded. My hour was from 11 to 12 A. M., and before it was finished, these girls accompanied by their guardians [dragons, duennas, *Aufseherinnen*] usually passed through the music-room to the dining hall. On the very first day of my lessons, one of these girls, of slender figure, somewhat taller than the others, about 18 years old, and dressed in rose-colored taffeta, made a mighty impression upon me. Twice I saw her pass through the room, but the third and fourth time I sought her in vain among her companions, and knew not why she was absent, which greatly discomposed me. The fifth time came the others again without her; my restlessness increased, but she came later and

alone following her companions. The unexpected joy which filled me, so mastered me, that, as I bowed to her, of course with respect, it was in such a manner, as to show her clearly, that I had been pained not to see her the preceding days; and I believed I could see in her face just as plainly, that it was not displeasing to her. From that moment her picture was firmly fixed in my head and heart; but the delicious feeling which accompanied the picture, was modified by many a bitter thought. 'What folly,' said I to myself, 'to give way to such a sudden passion for a girl, whom thou hast seen but three times, who has probably seen thee for the first time here in the cloister, to whom thou hast never spoken, and probably never will speak! Moreover, who told you that she passed through the room the last time alone, on your account? And suppose she has guessed the reason of your delight, are you certain that she shares in your feelings, and has not already bestowed her inclinations upon some worthier object?' But all such wise thoughts did not prevent the longing to see her again from increasing, and on those days (days of torment for me!) when I had no call to the nunnery, I could not refrain from walking up and down under the windows of the room, in which I supposed she was lodged.

"In this condition I lived, when on the second Sunday after my first meeting with the fascinating unknown, chance (or rather God's dispensation) gave me the opportunity to speak with her for the first time. I had been in the habit of attending, whenever I could, the Sunday afternoon service in the Cathedral. This time, it was in February, I came in rather late and found all the pews occupied; I placed myself therefore at the end of one where an old woman was kneeling, who made a little space for me as well as she could. After finishing her devotions, the friendly old woman rose to go away; I stepped aside to let her pass, and a young girl, who had knelt beside her, left the pew with her. Whom did I recognize in her? The young lady of the nunnery! What a heavenly surprise for me! I bowed to her with all respect, but without speaking; she with much grace returned the bow. It was impossible for me to remain one minute—I must follow. I left the church, saw that she took the way to the nunnery with her companion, and hastened through other streets to get before her and to meet her. I wished to approach, but dared not. At length, the fear of letting so good an opportunity slip roused my courage, and taking it for granted that she understood French, I besought her in that language to forgive my boldness, and allow me to accompany her to the cloister. She answered me also in French, but with the voice and manner of an angel, that it would give her pleasure.

"I should essay in vain to express the heartfelt delight, with which these words and the perception, that she was not displeased with the encounter, filled me. With a voice trembling for very joy I continued the conversation; I prayed her

to tell me her dear name. 'Therese von Helfersdorfer,' was the answer. I asked her how it came that I should have the happiness of meeting her at this hour [it was now about 6 P.M. and quite dark] out of the cloister, and why I had twice failed of seeing her pass through the music room? With amiable haste to satisfy my curiosity, she said that on those two occasions she had gone into the dining hall early, before my hour; and that, since she had had the misfortune of losing her mother, she went every Sunday to visit her father and two younger brothers, and always returned to the nunnery at this hour accompanied by the old servant. Meantime we had reached the cloister. I had not the courage to say more than that my habit was to attend service in the Cathedral every Sunday afternoon, and that if she allowed, I could always offer her my protection on the way back; to which with the same grace she answered, that my company would give her pleasure, and added that she had already known my name, even before she saw me in the cloister, and had often heard the young Countess (my pupil) speak of me in terms of praise. So now I understood why she at the first had met me in so friendly a manner. Intoxicated with joy at what I had heard, I wished her good night, and discussing with myself the singular meeting with her, I turned my steps—whither?—Back into the Cathedral, to that spot where the beloved one had knelt, there to thank Heaven for its happy guidance, and to pray for continued blessings upon my honorable intentions; for a secret voice whispered me, Therese was destined to make the happiness of my life.

"I longingly awaited the coming day to hurry to my lesson with the Countess in the cloister; but, just as I was on the point of leaving my room, came a servant to inform me that the Countess was ill, and I should not trouble myself again until further notice. What a thunderclap for me! All the joy of yesterday was suddenly banished; wrath in a thousand forms filled my breast, and, as during the whole week I was not called to my pupil, I may say I spent it in the jaws of purgatory. However, I embraced the opportunity of making inquiries in relation to the father of my beloved. He was an official, honored and respected, dwelling in his own house not far from St. Stephen's. The next Sunday hardly had it struck four o'clock, when I hurried to the church and placed myself near the door through which, coming from her father's house, she must enter. With strained attention, watching all who entered, how often did I say to myself when one at all resembled her: 'That is she—no!—now, at last—no, just as little as the other;' and this lasted three never-ending quarters of an hour. I was beginning to fear that she would not come at all, or that she had entered by another door; yes, still more painful doubts made me anxious; the Countess, it occurred to me, may not have been ill at all; the Abbess perhaps had charged her to keep me away, after learning from Therese's servant . . . ; and so I martyred

myself, until at last about five o'clock I saw the angel and her companion enter. The prisoner condemned to death, who unexpectedly sees his innocence proved, feels not such bliss as in that moment streamed me through. After our devotions were over I followed her, as before, and found for all the pangs I had endured sweet comfort in the assurance she gave me, that it gave her pleasure to see me again.

Non sa che sia diletto
Chi non provò nel petto
Un'innocente amor.

(Metastasio.)

"I asked my dear if the Countess really had been ill, which she, to the no small allaying of my recent doubts, answered in the affirmative, adding that she would begin her lessons again the next day. A thousand other thoughts criss-crossed through my brain; I did not know where to begin, and the few moments at my disposal were almost-passed, when I roused up courage to tell her I had a secret to impart, which concerned the peace of my whole life, but besought her to promise me a decisive answer to what I should say. She promised it, and encouraged me with such grace and with a sort of tender curiosity to speak, that I finally had the boldness to say that I passionately loved her, and wished to learn if I could venture to hope for some, if but little affection in return? 'For a like inclination,' she replied, half loud. 'For a like inclination?' cried I in transport as I seized her hand and covered it with kisses. 'The same,' she repeated, lightly and modestly pressing my hand. Beside myself for joy, I declared to her that this assurance made me blessed, and asked when I might present myself to her father, in case she allowed me this step. 'A week from to-day,' she said. 'I will prepare him for your visit, and you shall be well received, for my father already knows you, by reputation.' In fact I had already at that time gained a name through my successful operas, as '*Armida*,' '*La fiera di Venezia*,' and '*La Secchia rapita*,' and the gracious inclination of the Emperor toward me was also well known. However, it was not destined that I should seek my beloved at the hands of her father; that very week God suddenly called from this world the worthy old gentleman, and beloved by everybody, who had for some time been ailing. At the same time the young Countess left Vienna for Hungary, and thus I was deprived of every opportunity of seeing Therese, except now and then at the house of the parents of one of her companions.

"Herr von Helfersdorfer had appointed an excellent and rather wealthy man to be guardian of his daughter and two sons, who, a widower of middle age and ignorant of what had passed between his beautiful ward and me, had formed the plan of marrying her and soon after the father's death disclosed it her. Of course there was nothing for Therese to do but declare the state of her feelings and the object of them. As soon as this came to my knowledge, I hastened to the guardian, accompanied by a man of high respectability, and made formal application for the hand of my charmer. He received me politely and declared with seeming equanimity, that since his ward was satisfied, he also consented to my demand; only he must be able to satisfy himself, that I possessed sufficient means to support in respectability a wife, who belonged to a family of rank, and who possessed a not insignificant for-

tune. I replied that I had 300 ducats as Kapellmeister of the Italian opera, a hundred ducats as imperial chamber composer, and the hope of becoming some time Court Kapellmeister; that moreover, my compositions and music lessons brought me in annually another 300 ducats, so that I could well reckon my income at 700 ducats. The guardian answered: 'That would be more than sufficient if it was only certain; but, of all this, you can only reckon on the hundred ducats with certainty, which you receive from Court; and I must therefore pray you to wait until your position improves in some positive manner, before I, as guardian, can give my consent to this marriage.'

"Now in fact the honest man did no more than his duty—that I had to admit. I therefore only besought him to keep the matter for the present secret, which (to my good luck) he did not do.

"Two days afterward I went, as the duty of my office was, at 3 o'clock P. M. to the Emperor's chamber music. When I entered the anteroom, I saw the monarch standing by the fireplace with his back toward me, alone and sunk in thought. He turned a little to see who came, and returned my respectful bow with his usual kindness. On the other side of the room stood the footman of the Emperor and two persons, one of whom, who had an appointment in the court library, and was much liked by the Sovereign, was counted among my most intimate acquaintances. I joined them in silence, and my friend, smiling, made me the sign of the long nose. [The same as the Masonic sign described in one of Marryatt's sea novels; and as my cousin Georgie's Japanese fan.] At that moment the Emperor turned again, noticed the jest, and came towards me asking what that meant? I pretended not to know, although in fact I understood the joke but too well! The librarian, however, in confusion stammered out that I had tried to marry a beautiful orphan, but had found a rival in her guardian. The monarch, at first somewhat surprised, but also smiling, asked me if this was true? I found myself now obliged to tell the whole history of my love, which seemed to amuse the Emperor much, and closed with the prayer that his majesty would forgive me for having kept the matter hitherto a secret; this I had done because the result was so uncertain. When I spoke of the reasons why the guardian refused his consent, I noticed a sudden but passing expression of seriousness; and when I finished, as he left me he said, as if half in thought to himself: 'Well then, you must have patience.' Meantime the other musicians had arrived, and the concert began in its usual manner, without a word more being said about my love affair.

"Next morning the Intendant of the Court music sent for me. I hastened to him, and he greeted me with: 'Receive my congratulations, Herr Kapellmeister; the Emperor has raised your salary from one to three hundred ducats, with the single proviso, that you shall lighten the burden of the excellent, but now very old and often sick, Kapellmeister Bono, and direct the Italian opera also, should his majesty take it into his own hands.*' Most joyfully surprised I thanked his Excellency for this unexpected communication, and was already on my way to Therese's guardian, when I thought of something better and turn-

* See *Ante*, that the Italian opera then was a private enterprise.

ed my steps to the imperial palace. The monarch had hardly heard that I was in the anteroom, when he called for me. Sitting at his writing table, he called to me as I entered: 'Well, have you been already to the guardian?' I replied: 'Your Majesty, my duty leads me first of all to your all-highest feet'—'Go,' interrupted me the kindly prince, 'Go to the guardian, and this afternoon let me know his answer.'

"That I now flew to the guardian, that he could no longer refuse his consent, that the gracious Monarch heard this with pleasure, and what thereupon followed, every one can easily imagine; but never will my grateful heart forget a goodness, which gave me a happiness that I have now for many years enjoyed, and now share with eight children, who are the images of their beloved mother, who even now sometimes hears again the history of our loves with hearty enjoyment."

Does not that read like a chapter of Defoe?

(To be Continued.)

Beethoven and the Editions of his Works.*

A notice by Otto Jahn on the various editions of all Beethoven's works, with special reference to the latest complete edition published by Breitkopf and Härtel, in Leipzig, has been extracted from the *Grenzboten* (F. L. Herbig, Leipzig, 1864), and printed in a separate form. It most justly deserves to be everywhere known, not only for the account it gives, from authentic sources, of the way in which Herr Breitkopf and Härtel's great undertaking will be carried out, as well as of its present stage and progress, but because it also contains a number of admirable remarks upon musical literature generally, and particularly upon the question of critically settling the text of works of deceased masters, especially of those of Beethoven.

The introductory observations upon the music-publishing trade, and its relations to the public, deal in the first place with the peculiar evils resulting from the omission of the date of publication upon the title-page of works, and from the high retail price charged for them. The defence of the latter by existing circumstances strikes us as worth nothing; when it is notorious that the publisher makes a profit, after allowing a discount of fifty per cent., this per-centage constitutes a most disproportionate tax upon the buying public, solely for the benefit of the middle-man, the necessity or even use of whom in circulating the publications we do not at all see. O. Jahn looks upon this, it is true, only as an abuse which cannot well be abolished. We, however, believe that the sale of musical publications would be immensely augmented by a frank statement of the original price.

After a retrospective historical glance at former attempts to publish the entire works of various authors, such, for instance, as Mozart and Haydn, by Breitkopf and Härtel, and the present efforts of the Bach and Societies, the author lays great stress in his notice on the wide difference between this new project of publishing all Beethoven's works and the editions of which we have alluded of Bach and Handel, for the project is ushered into the world without any extraordinary support, despite tremendous competition, and the actual circulation, exceeding everything hitherto known, of Beethoven's works.

"Let the reader only recollect that Beethoven's works are in the hands of the public—those still unprinted would not weigh much in the scale—that numerous editions of those compositions which appeal to the masses are everywhere to be had, satisfying both reasonable and unreasonable demands; and that now there appears a complete edition, including everything, large works and small, popular and forgotten, grateful and ungrateful, edited so as to fulfil the strictest requirements of scientific criticism, and splendidly got up, on conditions that presuppose and render possible a most extensive sale. One fact is

* Translated from the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*, for the London *Musical World*, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN.

established by this, namely, that Beethoven at present excites far more than any other composer the interest of the whole musical public, and, therefore, sways the musical market. It may be difficult to obtain accurate and trustworthy statistical information concerning the sale and circulation of musical productions; but it is proved beyond a doubt that no composer, either classical or fashionable, can be compared in the slightest degree with Beethoven, as far as relates to the continuous and largely increasing sale of his works. Nay, we have been assured that if the entire collection of Beethoven's works, which, by means of the music publishers, have been distributed in the course of a year among the public, were placed in one scale, and all other music published during the same year put in the other, the balance might tremble, but Beethoven would nevertheless weigh as much as all the rest. As will easily be understood, the compositions and arrangements for piano are what turn the scale; of these incredibly large numbers are sold. That this sovereign power over the musical public of all grades and of all creeds is not, however, a transient and fashionable caprice of dilettantism, but a gratifying proof how deep and universal a feeling and interest for genuine and high art has spread among us, is demonstrated by this new and complete edition of Beethoven's works. It is certainly a remarkable and unusually satisfactory circumstance that a great artist should enjoy such universal respect; that his works should exercise so immediate and lively an influence; and that a complete collection of them, undertaken with judgment and seriousness, and thoroughly and worthily carried out in all respects, should be gladly welcomed and patronized by the public. The difficulties of all kinds which beset an enterprise of this description are so great and varied that only universal and continuous patronage on the part of the public can give the publisher courage and strength to overcome those difficulties and complete the work."

What O. Jahn says relative to the hopes and fears which would have been excited had Beethoven himself, as he frequently thought of doing, really had a complete edition of his works published, perfectly agrees with the convictions to which we ourselves long since came on this head, though so many persons—including even Schindler—have regretted that by the non-fulfilment of his intention we have lost the answer to so many riddles in the so-called "Purport" of the master's music. We will not forego the pleasure of here quoting in full the author's observations, which, shortly and concisely, though clearly and strikingly, as is always the case with Jahn, express the only correct view on such hints, and we cannot help congratulating ourselves on seeing principles which we have invariably advocated in these pages corroborated by such a pen.

"Beethoven," says the author, at page 14, "had another project in connection with the complete edition, and an inclination has been manifested to regret the failure of that project. He proposed, in fact, as Schindler also informs us, to mark by inscriptions and short notices the 'poetical idea' of several of his compositions, in order to facilitate their correct comprehension and execution. When questioned as to the sense and import of expressive compositions, he spoke in terms of regret of the fact that the time when he wrote most of his sonatas was more poetical than a later period, probably, because people simply gave themselves up to the music, satisfied with the musical impression it produced; allowing the sensations excited by it to die away in their mind; and feeling no necessity to inquire after thoughts and ideas, which should specify the subject of interest in anything but a musical light. 'Every one,' he complained, 'felt, on hearing the *Largo* of the Sonata D major (Op. 10), the state of soul, portrayed in it, of a melancholy man with all the gradations of light and shade in the picture of melancholy.' This every musician of feeling will certainly hear in it in future, as well as at present; but the questioners were not satisfied with this; their indiscreet curiosity made them want to know further what was the specific and personal cause of such a state of mind, even, if possible, in the composer himself, whom people are far too fond of identifying with the work of art. And if the composer actually answers these questions, will that be an advantage? One day, when Beethoven was in good humor, Schindler asked him for the key to the Sonatas in D minor (Op. 31, 2), and F minor (Op. 57), and he replied:—'Just read Shakespeare's *Tempest*.' Schindler was evidently somewhat disappointed, for he goes on to remark:—'It is to be found there, then; but in what passage? Questioner, read, guess, and decide.' The questioner will, probably, gain from his perusal the conviction

that Shakespeare's *Tempest* produces upon him a different impression to what it produced upon Beethoven, and that it will inspire him with no Sonatas in D minor and F minor. That it was this drama especially which could work up Beethoven in such compositions, is, certainly a fact not interesting to learn; but to attempt to find in Shakespeare the explanation of them, would only be showing the insufficiency of one's powers of musical comprehension. Even when Beethoven is more precise in what he says, the fact of understanding what he wrote is not facilitated. His intimate friend Amerda informs us, Beethoven told him that, when writing the *Adagio* in the F major quartet, he had the grave scene in *Romeo and Juliet* before his mind; now, if any one were to read this scene attentively in his Shakespeare, and then seek to picture it to himself, while he listened to the *Adagio*, would he increase or destroy his genuine enjoyment of this piece of music? According to Czerny's account, corroborated by others, Beethoven said he conceived the first idea of the *Adagio* in the E minor quartet (Op. 51, 2), on seeing the starlight sky; people assert that, after he had been sitting a long time in the dark out of doors, the fact of lights sparkling up all around him furnished the motive of the *Scherzo* in the D minor Symphony; that a horseman galloping past suggested the theme for the last movement of the Sonata in D minor (Op. 31, 2); and that the impatient knocking, late at night, of a person craving admittance into a house furnished the motive for the first movement of the violin Concerto. It is possible that a pregnant material impression at a favorable moment called forth, lightning-like, a characteristic motive; it is possible, also, that the impression clung to the memory of the artist; but with the artistic development of this germ, with the creative organization of the work of art, this unusual exciting cause has nothing more to do; the artist's faculties are employed in quite another sphere of action, and whoever believes that the work of art can be constructed out of the accidental and outward motive has no idea of artistic creation; should for instance any one take it into his head to deduce the first movement of the Violin Concerto, in its psychological development and outward conformation, from the fact of the person knocking in the night, and endeavor to explain it by this: in Heaven's name let him knock; the door leading to the right understanding of the composition will never be opened to him.

"Inscriptions and notices, even if authentic, and emanating from Beethoven himself, would not materially have assisted us in penetrating the sense and import of a work of art by him, for we may assert thus much without attacking too strongly the interest such inscriptions and notices would have possessed on account of many of the personal explanations; it is on the contrary to be feared that, like those Beethoven did publish, they would have occasioned misconception and mistakes. As we all know, the beautiful Sonata in E flat major (Op. 81) has inscribed upon it, the words: *Les Adieux; l'Absence; le Retour*; and is therefore interpreted with confidence as an undoubted specimen of programme music. 'That they are moments in the life of a loving pair, we at once presuppose,' says Marx, who leaves it undecided whether the lovers are married or not—but the composition furnishes also the proof. 'The lovers open their arms as birds of passage open their wings,' says Lenz, speaking of the conclusion of the Sonata. Now upon the original of the first part Beethoven wrote:—

"*Farewell, on the departure of His Imperial Highness, the Arch-duke Rudolf, the 5th May, 1809;*" and on the title page of the second:—

"*The Arrival of His Imperial Highness, the Arch-duke Rudolf, the 30th January, 1810*"

"We can understand that, in publishing these outpourings of an essentially personal feeling, he desired to preserve the memory of its cause, without naming his imperial friend. But how would he have protested at being made to play the wing-flapping-she, 'in the dalliance of blessed rapture,' to the Arch-Duke? As we perceive, the notion and the situation are here given by Beethoven himself, but a mistake in the tone must have been committed by him—or by his interpreters.

"As we are aware, Beethoven complained frequently and bitterly of those who explained what he wrote, and he had good cause for so doing. He would certainly have agreed completely with Mendelssohn, when the latter wrote to Schenck: 'That which music I like conveys to me does not consist of thoughts too indefinite, but of thoughts too definite to be expressed in words. If you ask me what I pictured to myself on the occasion, I answer: precisely the song, as it now exists. If, in this or that instance, I had a definite word, or indefinite words in my mind, I would not pronounce them to any one, because a word has not the same value for one person which it has for another; because a song alone is capable of

saying the same thing and awakening the same feeling in one individual as in others—a feeling which, however, cannot be expressed by the same words in different cases.' We may therefore, be thankful that Beethoven, also, did not utter his words, for they would have led only too many persons into the error of believing that he who understood the inscription understood the work of art as well. His music says all that Beethoven desired to say; it is and always will be the pure, clear spring, from which every one susceptible of feeling can draw."

The pamphlet then proceeds to discuss at length the necessity for, and the completeness of the new edition (260 numbers in 24 series); the proportion of the still unpublished compositions by Beethoven to those already published; the *Arrangements*, in some of which the composer himself was concerned; and, lastly, in the fullest manner, the criticism which guarantees the genuineness of the musical text. All this is well worthy of a perusal; it gives us a clear insight into the difficulty attendant on, and the value of, the undertaking, and cannot fail not only to gain for the latter the appreciation it deserves, but to benefit it materially by securing numerous additional purchasers.

Especially admirable is what is said upon the duty of criticism generally; and, also, in especial relation to the works of Beethoven. This duty has been undertaken by Julius Rietz, for the grand instrumental and vocal compositions; by David for the chamber music; by Reinecke for the pianoforte works; by Richter, Bagge, and Franz Espagne, for the songs. That (p. 32) in the *Scherzo* of the fifth Symphony the two superfluous bars are omitted in the new edition of the score was something it was high time should at last be done. As far back as the year 1847, at Mendelssohn's request, and in order to give greater publicity to his discovery of the truth, we directed attention to these bars in the *Kölnische Zeitung*; and, furthermore, at page 777 of the second year's series of the *Rheinische Musik-Zeitung*, we investigated the matter at length, examining and refuting the so-called reasons for retaining the said bars; yet, despite of this, they are far from having everywhere disappeared, and are played with the rest of the composition by the orchestra of the *Paris Conservatory* up to the present day! It is incredible what strange communications we received from musicians at the time. Among others, even Schindler wrote: "That you should insist so emphatically upon the unguineness of the two bars, is something of which I cannot approve," and even in the third edition of his *Biography of Beethoven*, though it did not appear until 1860, he could not refrain from again laying lance in rest for the "mull," as Beethoven himself designated his error. At present, the very *orchestral parts*, from which the Symphony was performed under Beethoven's own direction, have corroborated the fact of the "mull," since, as we learn at page 32 of Jahn's pamphlet, the two bars are not contained in them. But all this goes for nothing, because "Beethoven subsequently took a liking to the mull!"

How it stands with the rejection of the *bar-rest* in the first *Allegro* of the same Fifth Symphony (another point on which we insisted in the second annual series, p. 780, of the *Rheinische Musik-Zeitung*) in the new edition, we do not know, not having yet seen the score.

Jahn further informs us (at p. 32) that the music to Goethe's *Egmont* is now at length published free from the disfiguring additions, the concluding appendages. These additions, also, as far back as the year 1831, at a festival performance for the inauguration of a patriotic monument in Wesel, I denounced as unworthy of and not emanating from Beethoven, and, in the first year's series of this paper, as long since as 1853, page 4 *et seq.*, I showed, in a separate notice, how the interlude, according to the original (without the above named additions), could be joined on at the end and the beginning of the respective acts, so as to be listened to, while the curtain is up, with more attention than is usual in the ordinary way of performance. In the concert-room, the connecting poem must, with its continuation, join on immediately to the bars, at which Beethoven breaks off his music, according to the plan

followed at repeated performances here in Cologne, with a text written expressly for the purpose.

Of the fact that Beethoven's revision of the proof-sheets was a revision of his compositions as well, a remarkable proof is given by Jahn, in the following words, when treating of the Violin Concerto, Op. 61:—

"Beethoven wrote this concerto for the clever violinist, Clement, as is proved by the jocular title of the manuscript: '*Concerto per clemenza pour Clement primo violino a Direttore al teatro a Vienna dal L. V. Beethoven, 1806.*' Clement played the concerto for the first time at his benefit concert on the 23d December 1806. Now, the autographic score displays a three-fold version of the solo-part. In the proper place in the score, it is written down as Beethoven conceived it. He was so far acquainted with the mechanical requirements of stringed instruments as to be able to judge of practicability and effect in certain cases; but an accomplished virtuoso has a standard of judgment, obtained by varied practical experience, with regard to the employment of a special means for a special object, and when his own playing is concerned, he has also scruples and wishes arising from his own particular professional position. It is evident that, previously to its performance, Beethoven subjected the concerto to a strict revision, discussing it with Clement. The latter communicated his views as to what struck him as unthankful generally, or simply in reference to his own playing, together with suggestions for alterations. In conformity with these suggestions, the solo part is written in a separate line, and in a new form, under the score. This new form exhibits throughout consideration for the practical violinist, desirous of producing the greatest effects with all the certainty possible, that is to say: by the most convenient practical means, best adapted to the nature of the instrument and his own style of play. That Beethoven gave way so far to Clement is a fresh proof that he thought highly of him, and, as thus changed, the concerto was, probably performed. When, however, he was about to publish it, Beethoven hesitated accepting as good all Clement's new readings; and, therefore, wrote another line over the score, a third version, reproducing in part the original ideas; making use, in part, of the second version, and introducing quite fresh alterations. We might certainly have our doubts as to which is really the proper version; but since we possess the edition—printed under Beethoven's own supervision, and corrected by himself, and as this edition follows the last version mentioned—it is no longer doubtful that this is the form finally adopted by him—and that the other versions can only lay claim to an historical interest."

The energy with which the new edition is pushed forward is unexampled in the case of so voluminous a work. Of the 254 numbers constituting the whole, 212 have appeared within two years. Among them we have for orchestra the first eight Symphonies, the "Battle of Victoria" and the *Equant* music, the eleven overtures complete, the Violin-Concerto; the Violin Quintets, Quartets and Trios; the Pianoforte Concertos with Orchestra (with Beethoven's cadences subjoined); the Music for the Piano with accompaniment, and for the Piano alone—all complete. *Christus am Oelberge* and the opera of *Fidelio* have also appeared. We have never before known an instance of such rapidity in publishing. It is, in conjunction with the admirable getting-up, of itself a great recommendation of the new edition, which, if, moreover, we take into consideration its internal superiority, will indubitably rank above all other editions ever issued.

A Plea for Sensational Writing.

SHAKESPEARE FROM THE ANTI-SENSATIONAL CRITIC'S POINT OF VIEW.

Contemporary criticism has recently been deformed by a species of cant, which, originating as cant generally does, in a sincere feeling on the part of a few, has been echoed by the many simply because it is an effective cry. If any one writes a novel, a play, or a poem, which relates anything out of the ordinary experience of the most ordinary people—some tragedy of love or revenge, some strange (though not impossible) combination of events, or some romance of guilt and misery—he is straightway met with a loud exclamation of "Sensational!" This foolish word has become the orthodox stone for flinging at any heretic author who is bold enough to think that life

has its tremendous passes of anguish and crime, as well as its little joys and little sorrows—its strange adventures and vicissitudes, as well as its daily progress from Brixton to the Bank, and from the Bank back again to Brixton; and who holds that the more vividly-colored part of the grouping is as legitimate a subject for artistic treatment as the more drab-hued section.

But the anti-sensational critic will tell you that, if you would write a novel or a play that is to be read by any one with taste superior to those of a butcher-boy, you must confine yourself strictly to the common events of common lives, have nothing whatever to say to any of the extremes of passion or of action, leave murder to the penny papers, be ignorant of suicide, have no idea that there are dark shadows in the world, and shun a mystery as you would the measles. In short, let Brixton be your standard, the Alps being among Nature's "spasms," and therefore very improper subjects for respectable authors.

Moreover, in relating the even tenor of Brixtonian existence, be careful that you are never betrayed into any emotion of style—any throbbing pulse of passion in your language, any glow of description or rapid development of action—on pain of being taken to task for having shown "hectic" and "feverish" symptoms. When you have fulfilled all these conditions, then will the organs of Brixtonian criticism smile on you, and declare that you have composed a very sweet, natural, unaffected and thoroughly healthy tale, inexpressibly refreshing in these days of exaggerated sentiment and spasmodic plot.

The writer supposes an opponent to what is called sensational fiction to be criticizing a work by Shakespeare supposed to be just published. And he puts the following in the mouth of the anti-sensational critic:—

Macbeth. A Tragedy. By William Shakespeare. Mr. Shakespeare is really becoming an intolerable nuisance, which it behooves all critics who have at heart the dignity, or even the decency, of letters, to abate by the exercise of a wholesome severity. He has no idea of tragedy, apart from the merest horrors of melo-drama.

In his "*Othello*," a blackamoor smothers his wife on the stage, under a preposterous delusion of jealousy encouraged by a gentlemanly "Mephistopheles" of his acquaintance, and then stabs himself with a hectored speech when he finds out his mistake. In *King Lear*, the accumulation of frightful and revolting atrocities is something almost beyond belief. "*Lear*" is supposed to have occupied the throne of Britain in some remote epoch beyond the dawn of authentic history. On account of a very natural and becoming answer made him by one of his daughters, he disowns her, and afterward, for some insufficient reason, pronounces a curse upon another daughter, expressed in such frightful language that we must forbear from making any further allusion to the subject. Then he goes on to a death in a storm, and curses things in general, his Bedlamite ravings being varied (such are Mr. Shakespeare's notions of good taste) by the ribald jokes of a court fool, whose innuendoes are evidently addressed to the gallery. Another character assumes to be an idiot, and with hideous gibbering makes up a pretty trif. Finally, the old king finds out that his disowned daughter is a very good girl after all, and when she has met her death by some unlucky circumstance (as improbable and horrific as other incidents of the play), he brings the corpse on to the stage in his arms, 'howls' over it, like a mourner at an Irish wake—literally 'howls,' in good, downright fashion—and presently gives up the ghost, to the great relief of the reader. Besides these agreeable incidents, there is a good deal of slaughtering, and one nobleman tears out another nobleman's eyes (at the instigation of two princesses), and 'sots his foot' on one of them!—*Hamlet*—which a toadying clique whom Mr. Shakespeare had gathered about him affect to regard as a work of profound philosophy and superhuman wisdom—is equally full of absurd and shocking incidents.

We have the ghost of a murdered king; his murderous brother who succeeds him on the throne; a queen who marries her brother-in-law; a crack-brained young prince (whose state of mind would make him a fitting subject for a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*); a maudering old gentleman whom "*Hamlet*" stabs as he listens behind the arras (one of the few reasonable things he does in the whole five acts); and a young lady who goes mad, and after doddering about with straw in her hair, singing songs that are not over delicate, drowns herself by accident in a horse-pool.

In the last scene of this hideous burlesque of nature and probability, the "Queen" ("*Hamlet's*" mother) dies by a poisoned cup of wine; the king is stabbed, and "*Hamlet*" and an enemy of his kill each other with a poisoned foil while they are fencing. As

only one of the foils is poisoned, and it is necessary to the climax that both should die at once, the two combatants contrive by some sleight-of-hand which is quite beyond our comprehension, to exchange the weapon without meaning it. But a writer who forever aims at startling effects must, of necessity, pile up the agonies in his concluding scene; and this agglomeration of fantastic crimes will the less astonish the reader, when he learns that in one scene "*Hamlet*" reviles his own mother in the most dreadful manner, and in another utters profane jokes in a churchyard while his sweetheart's grave is being dug, and tosses skulls about the stage! So fond is Mr. Shakespeare of death in its most revolting forms, that even his love-story of *Romeo and Juliet* is full of slaughtering and poisoning; while his very comedies have generally some smack of the gallows in them.

We do not wish to be unfair to Mr. Shakespeare. He is not devoid of a certain ability, which might be turned to a very reputable account if he only understood his own powers better. He has a good deal of native humor—exaggerated, indeed, to the pitch of burlesque, but undoubtedly amusing; and he possesses some knowledge of the superficial parts of character, though, being evidently no scholar, he is often ridiculously vulgar in his would-be representations of gentlemen. He would do well as a writer of farces and show-pieces; but his injudicious friends have flattered him into the belief that he is a great tragic poet; and hence the gory nonsense of this new drama, *Macbeth*, of which we now proceed to give some account.

The scene is laid in Scotland, during the reign of one "Duncan," of whom English readers know little and care less. The play opens in good melo-dramatic (or rather pantomimic) fashion, with a dark scene, thunder rolling and lightning flashing, and three witches talking gibberish in rhyme. Were this last monstrosity of Mr. Shakespeare's fancy ever to be played at any theatre (which however, is quite impossible), we can easily imagine the low, tremulous murmuring of fiddles to which the curtain would rise. Scene I. however, does not last above a minute, as it only consists of eight short lines. The second scene introduces us to the old king, "Duncan," to whom a "bleeding soldier" relates the progress of an insurrection which has just been quelled by the valor of "*Macbeth*."

In scene III. we return to thunder, witches, and gibberish. One of the old women compares herself to "a rat without a tail" and threatens to drain a certain mariner as "dry as hay," which induces us to suppose that she must be a skittle-sharper in disguise, since the draining of sailors is generally effected by those ingenious practitioners. Presently "*Macbeth*" comes in from the wars, and the witches hail him as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and future King of Scotland. Thane of Glamis he is already, but to be Thane of Cawdor and King of Scotland seems to this worthy gentleman beyond the reach of thought.

However, somebody comes in shortly afterward, and tells "*Macbeth*" that, the Thane of Cawdor being a traitor, the title has been transferred to the putter-down of traitors. This sets "*Macbeth*" plotting how he may become a traitor on his own account, and secure the crown for himself. He has a bold, bad woman for his wife—a strong minded woman, who gives us to understand that she will stick at nothing to satisfy her ambition. In very plain language, she invokes all the devils of the nether regions to take possession of her soul, which we dare say they were not slow in doing.

We have too much respect for our readers to reproduce the dreadful things uttered by this she dragon, perhaps, the most unnatural character that even Mr. Shakespeare's lurid and unhealthy imagination has ever conceived. Suffice it to say that she eggs on her husband to murder "Duncan," which, after a good deal of hesitation (proceeding rather from cowardice than conscience), and some idiotic ravings about an "air drawn dagger," which he then describes as being "spotted with gout's blood," he accomplishes in the dead of night, and lays the blame on the king's sleeping attendants. Afterward he kills these attendants to conceal his own guilt, and in the next act we find him king.

But "*Macbeth*," fearing that the crown will in time come to one "Banquo" and his son "Fleance," commissions "two murderers" to make away with those individuals. There is something so homicidal and Newgate-Calendarish about Mr. Shakespeare's mind, that he seems actually to have persuaded himself that there was at one time in Scotland a set of men who followed murder as a trade or profession, and to whom people applied in the ordinary course of business whenever they wished to get rid of an inconvenient rival, while feeling too squeamish or too dignified to do the work for themselves. The men in

question have no names, but are simply described as "First Murderer" and "Second Murderer." Our Scottish brethren are never slow to resist an insult to their country, and we therefore confidently leave in their hands the chastisement of Mr. Shakespeare's ignorant impertinence. Well, the murderers despatch "Banquo," but manage to let "Fleance" escape; and in a subsequent scene we have "Macbeth," his queen, and their courtiers, seated at a banquet, at which the ghost of "Banquo" makes his appearance with "gory locks," and sits down to table, as if he had designs upon the meat and drink. This unlooked-for visitor greatly alarms the tyrant, who "makes faces" at the spectre, foms at him, and remarks that, inasmuch as he can "nod" (which seems a strange occupation for a phantom), he may as well "speak too." The "Ghost" prudently declines to give tongue (in this respect more merciful than the "Ghost" of "Hamlet's" father, who is cruelly verbose); and "Macbeth" laments his liability to such visitations in this graceful and feeling manner:—

The times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

We have no wish to invade the sanctities of private life; but we have heard that Mr. Shakespeare's father was a butcher, and we can certainly very readily believe that the son was brought up in a slaughter-house, and thus acquired a practical knowledge of what commonly results after "the brains are out," as well as a tendency to delight in sanguinary subjects.

In Act IV. we discover the three witches in a gloomy cavern, preparing a "hell broth" in a large cauldron. The filthy and disgusting ingredients of this broth are inflicted on the reader with abominable minuteness; for nothing is too nasty for Mr. Shakespeare's Muse.

However, it does not appear that the broth, or "gruel"—for it is described by both words—is intended for consumption, but only for conjuration. Macbeth having entered to consult the witches, "an armed head," "a bloody child," and "a child, crowned with a tree in his hand" (query, a Christmas tree?) rise out of the cauldron, as birds, bouquets, and bonbons emerge from the magic hat of M. Robin or Herr Frikell. These apparitions address "Macbeth" in some highly ambiguous language, and then follows a vision of eight kings, "the last with a glass in his hand," which is unpleasantly suggestive of the Cider Cellars at four o'clock in the morning. After this cavernous scene we are transported to the castle of "Lady Macduff," where the murderers come in again, stab a son of her ladyship, and pursue the mother, who makes her exit, crying "Murder!", and we are afterward given to understand that she and all her young ones and servants are slaughtered.

Then comes a little breathing space between Acts IV. and V.; but no sooner is the drop scene up for the last division, than we are introduced to "Lady Macbeth" walking in her sleep, muttering about the murder of "Duncan," (which by this time has been almost borne out of her remembrance by the flood of later catastrophes), feigning to wash her hands, informing us that "hell is murky," and remarking that no one would have "thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!"

The catastrophe now fast approaches, and we may hurry on to it with little ceremony. The queen dies (off the stage, we are happy to say), and, an insurrection being got up against the usurper, "Macbeth" is slain, after a terrific combat with "Macduff," who cuts off his head (behind the scenes), and brings it in "on a pole!" Mutual congratulation, flourish, and curtain falls.

And this stuff is called a tragedy! Why, it is a rank melo-drama, of the old Cobourg fashion. Mr. Shakespeare is behind his time. Twenty years ago, in the days of Hicks and "Winsunt," he would have been a powerful rival to the authors who supplied the late Mr. Osbaldistone with the dramas of the New Cut. But even the most unmedicated audiences have not outgrown such vulgar horrors. Does Mr. Shakespeare imagine for one moment that any theatre in London or the provinces would produce such a play as this *Macbeth*?

It would be hissed off the boards before the end of the first act. And even should it obtain a temporary success, would not posterity explode with laughter at such a specimen of the literature of the epoch?—if, indeed, posterity cared to trouble itself at all about Mr. Shakespeare and his writings. The best advice we can give this gentleman is to turn a deaf ear to his flatterers, and endeavor, if possible, to compose something quiet, simple and natural. Though it is forbidden the genius of our nation and our language to produce an *Æschylus*, we may at least emulate his good taste in removing murder from the stage; and

though we may never be able to scale the heights of moral grandeur familiar to the intellect of Sophocles, we can at any rate refrain from outraging decency and sense. We say to Mr. Shakespeare in plain language:—"This will not do. You may think it very fine, and fools may be found to tell you so; but however rough our speech, we are your true friends, and we repeat that it won't do!"

The Modern Orchestra.

In the earlier part of the eighteenth century, FRANCIS BLUDA, of Berlin, and other composers, added to the stringed quartet then in use parts for oboes and horns; thereby forming the rudiments of the Modern Orchestra. They probably but little anticipated that the wind instruments so modestly introduced by them here and there as a support to the "strings" in unison, would in course of time, augmented in numbers, and fortified by improvements in their mechanism, usurp the "place of power," and become masters of the situation. By increasing the number of parts, and by the employment of additional instruments, HAYDN and MOZART developed the rudimentary band into that elaborate whole, still recognized as the natural means of exposition for the highest plans of ideas. To the present day it is to be found but little change in its composition, and only such variations of proportion as may be induced by the amount of resources at command, or some speciality in the music to be performed. Among the obvious results of the improvements effected by these distinguished musicians, may be mentioned:—variety of tone: effects of contrast; a great augmentation of the power of producing light and shade; increased sonority; and a means for the simultaneous reduplication of concords at various degrees of the scale.

In this gradual introduction of available new instruments it does not seem to have been intended so much to improve the orchestral *ensemble* as to benefit by the scope and diversity they offered for passage writing. The number of each class of instruments adopted was decided by the most effective manner of employing them, and they were grouped in pairs, in threes, and in fours, as the case might be, apparently without any special reference to the strict proportion they bore to the rest of the band. Widely differing in sonority, power of penetration, and volume of tone, it follows that in their combination in "tutti" passages, certain of them must be much more prominent than others, unless good taste and judicious reticence are exhibited by the performers on the louder instruments. No one supposes the trumpet to be as important an instrument in the orchestra as the hautboy, and yet, whilst the tone of the trumpet is tenfold more potent than that of the hautboy, they are used in equal proportions. Again, the power of the three trombones is infinitely greater than that of the four horns, notwithstanding that the latter are almost indispensable to a grand composition, whilst the former may very well be omitted.

It would seem to follow then, that in this very expansion of orchestral organization, which rendered possible the existence of symphony, the grand opera and the *sinfonia-cantata*—in a word, the works of the great masters—was to be found a source of danger to legitimate musical effect. On the part of the performers was rendered possible a distortion of true proportion, by giving undue prominence to parts which should be heard but as components of a blended whole. To the composer was opened the temptation to hide incompetence by noise; to substitute meretricious clamor for novelty of invention, and grandeur of effect. To greatly augment the number of "strings" was the first step found necessary towards the preservation of the balance of power; and it may be said that the most efficient orchestra, *ceteris paribus*, is that which contains the largest number of violins. Among the woodwind instruments are to be found certain peculiarities of sound, which save them, to some extent, from being readily overpowered by the more potent "brass:" such as power of penetration, richness of tone, acuteness of pitch, and a disposition to stand out in a sort of isolation from the general mass of sound. Notwithstanding this augmentation of the strings and other modifying influences alluded to, the auditor of the Modern Orchestra is compelled to admit that the "tutti" are but too generally converted into a series of solos for certain powerful instruments accompanied subordinately by a full band. The intelligible and coherent whole is broken up into a chaos by the terrible blasts of trumpets and trombones, aided by unsparing flagellation of the instruments of percussion, to the destruction of all legitimate effect. Unimportant details are forced upon the auditory as substitutes for the primary musical ideas, lost and

swamped in the *melee*.

It is not pretended that this is a new source of complaint, but it is one every day calling more loudly for reformation, and one for which there is daily less excuse. The letter is not yet forgotten which MENDELSSOHN addressed to a musical journal, on the subject of trombone playing, in which he deprecated loudness, and advocated the development of the beautiful, smooth tone of the instrument. This composer, following the example of BEETHOVEN, in justice to his music wrote very sparingly for these instruments, except on especial occasions, and often omitted them altogether. In the scores of BEETHOVEN are to be found passages, given to the third and fourth horns, which he feared to entrust to the tender mercies of the trombones.

It is in our opera houses that the want of delicacy in the use of wind instruments, and the overpowering weight of the brass, are most felt, and are most objectionable. Whole vocal passages are at times altogether inaudible, while delicacy of vocalization and purity of intonation are lost or perilled in the almost hopeless endeavors of the singers to make themselves heard. Time was when England could produce but one first-class orchestra, and it was used in defence of this reprehensible state of things, that, so independent were the performers composing it—conscious that their services could hardly be dispensed with—that no conductor could venture to animadvert freely upon want of delicacy and errors of excess on the part of his band. It is not so now. There is in this kingdom an abundant supply of first-class instrumentalists, and it is time that conductors who aim at any thing like excellence should impress upon their orchestral players the fact that they are but component parts of the whole, to which they should consider their individual performance strictly subordinate; further, that any attempt at prominence as flautists, oboists, cornetists, or what-not, to the detriment of the general effect, is a reflection upon themselves as artists; a slight not only to the understanding of the audience, but to the beautiful art which they follow.

For the rectification of the faults complained of several partial remedies suggest themselves—the first and most obvious, greater moderation on the part of performers; on the part of composers—greater discretion in scoring for powerful brass instruments—the substitution for trombones of other suitable brass instruments; last, and most desirable, although least practicable, further augmentation of the "strings." This proposition is a project difficult of realization, as involving considerations of the means and amount of space at disposal, and, with matters of a similar character, must be left for future exposition on a future occasion. Some years ago, a small orchestra organized by a Hungarian violinist, visited England, and although this small band had neither flutes, oboes, bassoons, French horns, nor trumpets in its composition, yet was its performance of overtures, etc., listened to with delight by connoisseurs. Six flügel horns here represented the family of brass instruments so worthily as to leave but little cause for regret at the absence of those more familiar. At the worst, then, if no other means offer, trombones and trumpets, excellent as they are when judiciously used, may be superseded.

—Orchestra.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 30, 1864.

"Sensation" Works.—Truth—Genius.—Shakspeare.

We have transferred to our columns an article from some English paper, which we have found copied elsewhere, entitled "A Plea for Sensational Writing," which undertakes to expose the fallacy and cant of "anti-sensational criticism" by imagining it applied to *Macbeth* and the other terrible tragedies of Shakspeare. Such a plea may "create a sensation," momentarily, in foolish minds, but it will plant no conviction in the deeper soil of sound thought and artistic feeling. The question is one of the vital ones in every sphere of Art, and is as unavoidable in Music and in Painting as it is in the Drama and other literary works of fiction. "Sensation" in the bloody melodrama and the yellow covered novel answers to

what in musical criticism is called "effect." It is the resort to *ad captandum* artifices, where "the vision and the faculty divine," where *Art*, is wanting. A man like Mendelssohn or Schumann must, by the very law of his own moral and artistic being, bring this charge against the popular "sensational" art of Meyerbeer or Verdi, withholding recognition as jealously as a sovereign free people must withhold it from a robber Emperor in Mexico. It is the serious conscience of the artist or the divinely smitten votary of Art protesting in the name of truth. So when the Great Fair in New York brings together the most imposing famous pictures of a number of our American painters, and there comes at last a critic to whom truth, told in however "sad sincerity," is even sweeter than the personal delight of praising, and who, while gladly recognizing all their skill, their wonderful effects, their clever imitations, their peculiar charm, yet feels the want of truth and loyalty to Nature, and declares that this is not highest Art, that it is only "sensational," it is no wonder that personal feelings and partialities are wounded, that the motives of the critic are suspected and called "venomous;" yet it is possible that the critic may be in the right, and if he stands in a minority of one, it is no more than a Michel Angelo or a Mendelssohn have done, than the true *seer* often must do, in the face of many an outward success and fashion of his art and time.

Now we quote this "Plea" and this mock criticism of Shakspeare partly as a convenient text for pointing out certain important distinctions too often confounded in discussions about literature and art, and partly to show how signally it tells against itself. What have you done, O smart sensationist? You have taken one of Shakspeare's genial creations and paraphrased it into a sensation story after your own vulgar, unimaginative method. You *could* do that, undoubtedly; you are at home in blood and thunder; but do not say *he* did it, never shake your gory locks at *him*! You and the like of you can find the materials for a dozen of your sensation plays in Macbeth; but the question is: Did Shakspeare make a sensation play of it, or was he capable of a mere "sensational" work in the offensive sense in which the word has hitherto with too much reason been applied? The collective judgment of the thinking world has long since answered No. Your mistake is in supposing that the sensational materials of "Macbeth" contain the secret of its power, when you should seek it in the genius and the great humanity of Shakspeare. And now for our distinctions.

1. We do not condemn a novel, a play, or a poem as "sensational" *because* it may relate to something "out of the ordinary experience," because it deals with thrilling incidents of crime or murder; "most foul and unnatural," or with passions swift and terrible as lightning, or with supernatural imaginings. With all these it may deal, and so deal as to escape the charge entirely; witness Shakspeare. The term never was suggested by the simple use of such materials, but by the use of them in the wrong time and manner and by the wrong person, that is without the warrant of genius, of the imaginative power which can divine and set forth (or embody) their essential humanity, and set the seal and charm of nature upon the seemingly unnatural. That is a "sensational" work, which would mask the want of genius

under a startling subject; make harrowing plot and incidents, cheap effects of scenery and costume, &c., supply the place of poetry and subtle development of character. The man who can treat these harrowing subjects well, is he whose genius does not need them, who can find poetry in common life and nature anywhere. So in the art of tones, that is true music which springs from any fine essential musical feeling and idea, whose charm is in its inspiration, which finds its motive rather in itself than in its audience, and was honestly and sincerely born with no anxiety about the largest and the most immediate audience; which does not resort to clap-trap emphasis, or clothe itself in borrowed pomp of instrumentation and all sorts of ambitious accessories, which add nothing to its essential meaning, not being originally prompted and developed from within. "Sensation" music scores itself out with ringing complement of brass, or hides its poverty in dazzling pyrotechnic variations, or affects intensity of passion by all the approved operative bursts and intensities of accent, "roaring like any nightingale," simply because, stripped of such lion's skin, reduced to its musical substance, it would sing so lamentably small. These means, which genius uses by divine right so well, the uninspired and would-be popular composer borrows and uses them without the genius.

2. It is not the want of subject, but the want of *genial* treatment, that exposes a "thrilling story" or play to the charge of being "sensational." And we like to use the word *genial* in the German sense, as derived from *genius*. A *genial* poet is simply one whose poetry is poetry, and not mean prose, such as no plot however "out of the common," no startling images, no tricks of rhyme or swelling diction can redeem. If a writer or an artist always resorts to startling subjects, as Signor Verdi does, confessing his muse powerless to charm or produce "effect" within the bounds of Nature, or to find any poetry or music in what is near and common, he is of the sensation school in the worst sense. But a Shakspeare or a Mozart, able to interest with gentler themes and fond of them, can also handle tales of blood and passion, with such art as to make them not only sublime and terribly fascinating, but sweet and genial, and full of the sunshine and fruitfulness and charm of nature at the same time. True art, true genius never leaves out nature; deeds "foul and most unnatural" it still treats naturally; your "sensationist" can treat nothing naturally, and therefore takes to unnatural subjects; he is nothing if he is not monstrous.

3. The objection to "sensation" literature or art, therefore, is not that it makes a sensation in the world, or in its own little theatre, but that it contents itself with this, does not approve itself to the solitary thought of the best minds, does not sink into the deeper consciousness and culture of the age, cannot afford to wait to be understood and appreciated. It astonishes but does not edify. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the human soul; its lurid fireworks hide the heavens and the stars. It lacks the sincerity, the humanity, the simplicity as well as the subtlety of genius. Its tragedy is arbitrary, far-fetched, superfluous, its arts metrecritions, its effect for the moment only and upon the surface, and its appeal to a green or vulgar audience.

4. The motive of "sensation" art is mean and mercenary. It is principally self-advertisement.

It is the art of Autolycus, the peddler. Not only does it advertise its own wares, it is itself nothing but advertisement. It serves the vulgar god of trade, even though it trade upon its own account. The art of advertising, in newspapers, pamphlets, show bills, and so forth, is one of the great features of this trade phase of civilization. What clever pens are occupied in it! But it does not end with puffs and advertisements which appear as such; how much of the literature of the day, of the novel and play writing, nay even the lecturing and sermonizing, is, stripped of its disguises, merely advertisement! The same must be confessed of much of the painting and sculpture, of the popular music, of a hundred and one fashionable operas, of the sensation style of singing, &c., &c. Shakspeare wrote for poetry and truth, wrote as the inspiration came, and not to advertise William Shakspeare into notice. So Bach, Mozart, Beethoven wrought; so Titian and Leonardo. Think you, if Verdi were the Shakspeare of musicians and were destined to world-wide recognition as the greatest three hundred years hence, he would now be fashionable? There is plenty of art which has a main eye to business, and which therefore *as Art* is damnable and vulgar. It makes a *sensation* for the time being, but all this weighs nothing against one wise man's verdict, nothing while "some dozen men of sense" (as Robert Browning's Bishop Blougram has it):

Withhold their voices though (you) look their way:
Like Verdi when, at his worst opera's end
(The thing they gave at Florence,—what's its name?)
While the mad houseful's plaudits near out-bang
His orchestra of salt-box, tongs and bones,
He looks through all the roaring and the wreaths
Where sits Rossini patient in his stall.

We lack room to connect all this, as we intended, with the remarks we made last week on the meaning of the word "classical" in music. But especially do we mourn our inability to close these hints with fit "improvement" of the anniversary of the past week, the Tercentenary commemoration of SHAKSPEARE, the one example in whom the whole world owns the power of genius, the supremacy of Imagination over all the mental faculties: the infinite worth of that which is poetry and art for all time, compared with every cheap "sensation" of the day;—Shakspeare, in whom all thinking minds may read the shortest and the fullest definition of what constitutes true Art, to-wit: *Genius true to itself*.

Shakspeare's Day.—Festival Concert.

It was fit that music should bear a part in the honors paid to Shakspeare in the world-wide observance of the three hundredth anniversary of his birthday. The best way would have been the union of genial music with an unusually perfect performance of one of his great plays on the stage. But the times were unfavorable with us his countrymen across the ocean; and it was only by a variety of hasty, fragmentary tributes in our various cities—some of the best in private circles—that this distracted country claimed credit for the will that was better than the deed. An oration here, a dinner there; a Shakspeare play upon the bills of many of the theatres; the laying of the first stone of a monument in the New York Central Park; a German celebration, with Liederkrantz, and Bandmann's "Hamlet," and Nicolai's "Merry Wives" and tableaux by the painters, in Philadelphia;—this was about all, besides the noble concert given in our Boston Music Hall by Mr. B. J. LANG.

Music, it must be owned, has not contributed very richly to the illustration of Shakspeare; nor (one

may add) did Shakespeare need it. In England Matthew Locke's "Macbeth" and "Tempest" music—dry and common-place enough—with such little things as a host of glee and song writers have set, at the best only cleverly, without genius, is all. Beethoven composed one masterly overture (to *Coriolanus*), but has not done for Shakespeare what he did for Goethe's *Egmont*. He left that to Mendelssohn, whose musical interludes and accompanying phrases to the "Mid-summer Night's Dream" are as entirely unique as they are true in art, forming (as Schumann said) "a bridge between Bottom and Oberon, without which the passage into Fairy Land is almost impossible." Schubert, who turned poets of all times and countries into song, composed "Hark, the Lark," with exquisite genius. For the rest we have only a beggarly account of third and tenth rate operas, which borrow plots and characters (names) from Shakespeare, but have nothing in their music in the least akin to him. Verdi's *Macbeth*, heaven save the mark!; a better opera called *Macbeth*, but of the effective, showy order, by Taubert of Berlin; Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," sparkling, pretty music, but the absurdity of Falstaff singing!—Rossini's *Otello*, which of course does not lack Rossini's genius; and finally "Much Ado about Nothing" operated by Berlioz. We have also heard a "Hamlet" overture by Gade, which by any other name would sound as sweet, and a noisy one called "Lear" by Berlioz. What could we expect? Music is its own world; the Bachs and Beethovens and Mozarts had their own work to do, their own inspirations to follow, as well as Shakespeare, and some day one or more of these will be confessed as widely.

Mr. LANG made the best choice possible in his selection of music. First, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music entire—all but the little snatches that go with the action—including the Overture; the Scherzo, introducing Act II. and the fairies; the "Lullaby" Duet: "Ye Spotted Snakes" and fairy chorus; the *Intermezzo*, in which Hermia seems to pursue her lover through the tangled wood; the lovely *Nocturne*; the "Wedding March," and the Finale, song and chorus of fairies blessing the house. The solos were beautifully given by Miss HOUSTON and Mrs. CARY; the choruses were sung by a large choir of the freshest and best voices in the city, and the Orchestra, under CARL ZERRAHN, played with more than usual delicacy and spirit, to the credit of themselves and of Mr. LANG's conductorship.

Beethoven's *Coriolanus* Overture, in which a proud and fiery spirit storms itself away so grandly, is one of his best, and quite in the vein of the play. But the feast was more of Mendelssohn than of Shakespeare, and was, indeed, originally intended for the first of May, the revival of the Cantata composed to Goethe's "First Walpurgis Night," so admirably brought out by Mr. LANG two years ago, being a main feature. This formed the second part, and was given (we are told) not quite so successfully as before, at least in one or two of the solo parts, although in general it is much praised. The audience was immense, and the enthusiasm great, and Mr. LANG's good services will be remembered.

Concerts.

We have room only to recall some features of the music of the past two or three weeks. Perhaps the pleasantest thing that rises in the memory is the little Concert, twice given to an invited audience, by the Amateur Singing Club, under the direction of Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, at Chickering's rooms. Rare is the charm of choice choruses and part-songs sung by twenty or thirty fresh, refined young voices. The ensemble of tone, as well as the execution, was admirable. We had the entire 95th Psalm ("O come let us worship"), by Mendelssohn, a noble work, interspersed with interesting solos, in one of which a new tenor, Mr. MERRILL, made his mark, as he has since done still more effectually in the "Walpurgis

Night." There were also half a dozen four-part songs, by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Haydn, and Gade, and one fresh and charming one by Mr. Parker, which were keenly relished. Nor can we forget the truly womanlike and exquisite singing by Mrs. HARWOOD of a couple of songs: "Supplication" by Franz, and "Faded Flowers" by Schubert.—Some of the noblest and least familiar choruses from *Elijah* followed, with tenor air: "Then shall the righteous shine," given with fine taste and fervor by Mr. LANGMAID. Finally, a notable rarity, Beethoven's splendid chorus to Goethe's little poem:—"Becalmed at sea and happy voyage" ("Meeresstille," etc.), which was printed in this journal some years since, and ought ere this to have found its way into singing club and concert rooms.

The same place was the scene of the first performance of Bennett's "May Queen" Cantata, by a choir of singers, with piano accompaniment, under the direction of Mr. HENRY CARTER, preceded by a miscellaneous first part. The whole seemed a basket of green fruit. At least the chorus singing was unripe, voices harsh and out of tune, especially in the opening part-song. A chant-like simple song of Mr. CARTER's, "Roscoe's Bride," in which two lugubrious lines of solo: "O dig a grave and dig it deep," are echoed in each stanza by a quartet in harmony, was quite impressive, if not cheerful. The "May Queen" has some fine music in it, and is always refined, though sometimes tedious and faint in its impression. The solos were generally well sung by Mrs. R. M. SMITH as the May Queen, Miss A. L. CARY as the Queen, Mr. L. H. WHITNEY, tenor, as the lover, and Mr. J. KIMBALL, basso, as Robin Hood. For a fair chance of effect we think this music needs an orchestra, and we understand there is a prospect that it will so be given in one of the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts. Mrs. Smith, a new singer to us, commended herself by the purity and beauty of her soprano voice, and her chaste style of singing. Still more so in the last "Gala Matinee" of the Orchestral Union, in the Boston Theatre, where she sang, "Hear ye Israel," with orchestra, with such truth of intonation and of feeling as we do not very often hear. That Concert was also notable by the revival of Beethoven's wonderful Overture (No. 3) to "Leonora." Liszt's "Preludes," and the *Semiramide* overture also came up again.

Last Wednesday the concert was again in the Music Hall, and of uncommon interest from the high point of view, since, besides the *Leonora* overture, it offered us for the first time in many years Schumann's remarkable first Symphony, in B flat. It did not go so smoothly as it will the next time, and we will say no more of it to-day except to advise every lover of great orchestral music to hear it. There are very few things indeed which come so near to Beethoven. There were Strauss waltz and Gounod *Pot-pourri*, by force of habit; and Mr. THAYER played on the Great Organ, with much pedal execution, some concert Variations by Hesse, and his own *Offertoire*, for Vox Humana, which is cleverly enough contrived, the end being to gratify curiosity about that "fancy" stop.

The aforesaid Vox Humana *Offertoire* also figured in two Organ Concerts given by Mr. Thayer last Saturday afternoon and Sunday evening. The very miscellaneous programme of the former was saved by the great Toccata in D minor by Bach and the third Sonata of Mendelssohn. And the latter, one of the concerts called "Sacred," had other things well enough in their way, but nothing interesting in comparison with the Toccata in F by Bach. We are glad that Mr. Thayer exercises his power on such noble organ works as these, and so successfully; since Mr. Paine, we have not heard them so well rendered. The March of Priests from *Athalie*, and the great March Finale of the Fifth Symphony, which the organist brought out very powerfully, be-

gan and closed the concert. The "Cantabile, *Largo et Piúto*" by Weyl, is one of the most expressive pieces we have heard of the French organ music. What else? Concert Variations on "the American (!) National Hymn" (God save the King) were particularly "sacred." (*De la musique sacrée* or *De la sacrée musique*? as Rossini wittily expressed his modest doubt about his own new Mass). There was some good solo singing. Schubert's "Serenade" was not sung; it is a love song to be sure, and not strictly "sacred," but much more so than the flat and sentimental ditty, to pious words, which Mr. WHEELER substituted for it, and which the pious audience found so edifying that they insisted on its repetition. But then, too, Beethoven's Contralto Aria *Per piúto*, so finely sung by Mrs. Cary, is also a love song, conceived in the Italian operatic style, and that *was* sung! Far worthier of the time, the place and Mr. Wheeler was the tenor song from *Elijah*: "Then shall the righteous." There was also a duet by Spohr, and an *Ave Maria* (contralto) by Bassini. All the songs were with piano forte accompaniment by Mr. Hamann.

The BOSTON MOZART CLUB (amateur orchestra) had their fourth and last social entertainment of the season last Monday evening, and treated their friends to a remarkably good programme, including: The first Symphony of Beethoven; Mendelssohn's overture "Return from Abroad;" a piano forte Concerto, with orchestra, in D minor, by Mozart, played by "an honorary lady member of the Club" (Miss Mary Fay); transcription of Schubert's "Serenade," and the overture to *Don Giovanni*. These amateurs set their standard high and make earnest efforts to reach it. They play together more and more like artists.

WHAT NEXT? This Afternoon, the usual Organ Concert in the Music Hall.

This evening, same place, a concert by that true singer, one of the world's best contraltos, and great favorite here, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. The first in four years; will it not be pleasant to hear her! She will have distinguished assistance too. Mme. GUERRABELLA, who has been singing in Havana with her; her own sister, Miss M. PHILLIPS, a pupil of Sig. Bendelari; Mr. LANG, who will play the D minor Concerto of Mendelssohn; and Mr. ZERRAHN with his Orchestra.

Tomorrow evening, a "Sacred," that is to say a Sunday Concert in the Music Hall by that excellent musician, JULIUS EICHBERG, who has composed for the occasion several pieces for Violin, Violoncello, Piano and Organ. Two Organ pieces will be played by Mr. LANG; two soprano songs will be sung by Miss HOUSTON, and two baritone songs by Mr. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER.

Next Wednesday Afternoon, the ORCHESTRAL UNION will repeat the Schumann Symphony, and Mr. JOHN K. PAINE will play two pieces on the Organ.

Next Sunday Evening, the last Oratorio of the season, and one of the best, "Elijah," which the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY always set about with zeal and which always is inspiring to the audience. Chorus, Orchestra and Great Organ will combine in the grand ensembles, and the array of solo singers is uncommonly rich. ADELAIDE PHILLIPS will sing the contralto airs; Miss HOUSTON and Mrs. SMITH the soprano parts; Mr. WHEELER the tenor, Mr. RUDOLPHSEN the bass. CARL ZERRAHN will conduct.

ST. LOUIS, MO. The Philharmonic Society gave its sixth concert on the 21st. The overture to *Semiramide*, the entire "Spring" from Haydn's "Seasons," and a flute solo formed the first part; the second included Beethoven's first Symphony; an aria for contralto, "The Whippoorwill," by E. Kert; a Polonaise from Meyerbeer's *Struensee*, and the everlasting March and Soldiers' Chorus from Gounod's "Faust," which one hopes the hand-organs will grind up this summer until there is nothing left of it.

HARTFORD, CONN. On the sixth inst. the Mendelssohn Quintette Club (of Boston) gave a concert at the Female Seminary, under the auspices of Messrs. Buck and Wilson, the well known organists of the place. They played a Quintet by Beethoven, with selections from Haydn and Mendelssohn, popular arrangements from Rossini, Meyerbeer, &c. ending with the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust."

NEW YORK.—Among the manifold contributions of the musical art to the great Fair, which has given a million dollars to the Sanitary Commission, was a performance of Handel's oratorio "Judas Maccabæus." No musical work could be more timely during this war; it has the true ring of heroic patriotism. It was given at the Metropolitan Fair building, in Union Square, under the direction of Mr. Franz Ritter, with Miss Brainard as principal soprano, Mrs. Motte contralto, Mr. Geary tenor, and Mr. J. R. Thomas bass. Mr. Bristow "presided at the piano;" hence we infer that there was no orchestra, Otto Dresel's "Army Hymn" (words by Dr. Holmes, music not, as some of the N.Y. papers had it, "by O. Dresel"), was performed at the inauguration of the Fair in grand style, by a picked chorus of 200 voices and the famous 7th Regiment Band, for which it had been instrumented by Carl Bergmann. The opening ceremonies of the Union Square department, later, also included a concert by the "German Liederkrantz." The programme was as follows:

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|--------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Overture—"Der Freyschütz." | C. M. Von Weber. |
| 2. "Der Frohe Wandersmann." | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. Grand Duet on one Violin. | Paganini. |
| 4. "Hymne an die Musik." | Mr. E. Mollenhauer. |
| Male Chorus and Orchestra. | Mendelssohn. |
| Part II. | |
| 5. Overture—"The Merry Wives of Windsor." | Niccolai. |
| 6. "Festres Ego," a Capella, for 8 voices. | Paestrina. |
| 7. Potpourri by the Orchestra. | |
| 8. March, from "Tannhäuser." | R. Wagner. |
| Full Chorus with Orchestra. | |

The season of Italian opera at the Academy of Music closed last week with three more performances of "Faust," and *La Traviata* for the benefit of Mme. Ortolani Brignoli. On Saturday, Shakespeare's birthday was made the occasion for "a grand gala matinee," when selections from Rossini's *Otello* were given, besides the entire opera *La Sonnambula*; the latter suddenly substituted for Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" on account of the illness of Herr Hermann. Where was Signor Verdi's *Machetto*? Marcetzk commences a supplementary season next Monday with the "Huguenots."

PHILADELPHIA. Mr. Carl Gaertner, the violinist, gave a classical soirée on the 16th, assisted by Messrs. Jarvis, Cross, Roggenburger and Schmitz, and a double quartet of singers. The pieces performed were: Quintet (strings), op. 18, by Mendelssohn; Vocal Quartets by Abt and Möhring, Grand Duo for two pianos by Kalkbrenner; Quintet (strings), op. 29, Beethoven.

"Judas Maccabæus" was performed at the third and last concert of the season, on Wednesday evening, by the Handel and Haydn Society, assisted by the Germania Orchestra.

The Anschütz troupe have given another short season of German Opera, beginning April 18th, at Glover's Chestnut St. Theatre. The pieces have been "Martha," the "Barber of Seville," Gounod's "Faust," "Der Freyschütz," "Merry Wives," &c.,—the last in honor of Shakspeare. The *Bulletin* says:

The Music Committee of the Great Central Fair are making preparations for a series of operatic and other performances on a grander and more extensive scale than anything ever before attempted in this country. Among the novelties will be a grand new opera by William H. Fry, called *Notre Dame*, founded on Victor Hugo's novel of that name. The rehearsals and other preparations are going on briskly and with every promise of splendid success. The first performance will take place early in May.

Miss Teresa Carreno, the wonderful little pianist, has given a concert at the Musical Fund Hall, assisted by Mrs. Kempton, the contralto singer.—The *petite prima donna*, Miss Laura Harris, has had a concert, assisted by Brignoli, Sig. Dragoni (baritone, from Covent Garden Opera), Mr. Pattison, the pianist, and Mollenhauer, violoncellist.

The Shakespeare celebration here was taken in hand by the Germans, this being the programme:

On Friday, April 22d, Schlegel and Tieck's translation of *Hamlet* will be produced at the Academy of Music by the Anglo-German tragedian, Daniel Bandmann, Esq., assisted by Mme. Methua Scheller and other distinguished German actors of this city and different portions of the country, the Germania Orchestra, under Carl Schütz's leadership, furnishing the music. On Saturday evening, April 23d, the proper anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, the exercises will be especially interesting to Americans, as James E. Murdoch, Esq., will deliver an ode and recite the speeches of Brutus and Marc Antony over the dead body of Caesar. Daniel Bandmann will deliver an original oration in German on Shakespeare, the Germania Orchestra playing selections from Mendelssohn, and the Junge Männerchor singing choruses from *Fidlio* and *Rienzi*, the whole exercises interspersed with representations from the life and works of Shakespeare by the German Artists' Club.

All this was realized, except the part to have been taken by Mr. Murdoch, who was ill. The net proceeds go to the Sanitary Commission.

WORCESTER, MASS. The *Spy* speaks of a choice and classical entertainment given last week at Mr. Sumner's music rooms, under the auspices of Mr. B. D. Allen.

A symphony in B flat by Haydn, and sonata in C by Clementi, piano duos in which Mr. Allen was assisted by two of his talented pupils; and one of Beethoven's sonatas, with solos from the works of Chopin and Heller, performed by Mr. Allen, and that, too, with ability such as few artists can surpass, comprised the instrumental portion. Add to this several charming songs by such composers as Mendelssohn, Glinka, Franz, and Schubert, rendered with superior taste and expression by a lady of high musical culture, and the result was a perfect success.

The new Mass by Mr. C. C. Stearns was to be brought on out Thursday evening. If it deserves half the good things said of it in the *Spy* and the *Palladium*, and by writers who commonly have reasons for what they say, its production is as great an event for "the heart of the Commonwealth," as Rossini's new Mass was for Paris.

A little paper, called *The Grumbler*, in Toronto, Canada, grumbles in this wise about a new "Oratorio" of "Conventional" psalm-singer Yankee manufacture:

"Esther, the beautiful Queen," an Oratorio—a Yankee Oratorio! Is it possible? Is there no limit to the impertinence of those people? Is there nothing that is high, nothing that is sublime, safe from their degrading influence, from their desecrating finger? Oh! honored shades of Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, is it to be permitted that this insult be offered to an artistic form which has been sanctified by your pens, over which your sublime genius has shed its lustre? Is it to go by unnoticed and unpunished, when such a fabrication is called an Oratorio? Oh! that we could dip our pens into the scornful ink of Swift, that ours were the cutting satire of Thackeray, to lash, with deserved severity, productions of this kind! If Mr. Bradbury, the noble compiler of "Shawms," of "Jubilees," and who knows what else, if he had called this, his miserable attempt, a "Medley," we could have passed it over silently with becoming contempt. A medley it is; and, Oh, ye Muses! what a medley! Let us see. "Come, come away;" "Oft in the still night;" "Fest March;" "Camptown Races;" "Fisherman's glee;" "The Bay of Biscay, O!"; recitatives reminding the listener of the horrible story of "Blue Beard," as told by Sam Cowell; and all these mixed with stirring waltz and quadrille melodies and contorted pilferings from Operas, and explained by readings which remind of the poor limner, who, after finishing his tavern sign and doubtful of its likeness to nature, thought best to write over it, "This is a horse."

Nay, in the name of charity, do not, Oh, ye good people! punish us with such performances! Do not, in pity, lend your voices to such desecrations! If you have a worthy object in view, like the one for which this "pseudo-Oratorio" was performed, give us something, if not good, at least bearable. Your efforts are unworthily bestowed. Turn away from such puerilities.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

For thee, and only thee. (Marietta mine.)

Fred Buckley. 25

A sweet song, in praise of "Marietta."

Little blue-eyed boy. Song. F. Buckley. 30

A nice little home ballad.

The Reaper and the Flowers. Balfe. 50

The words are the well known ones of Longfellow, but acquire a new beauty, when united to the well elaborated music of the talented composer.

Joe Fillet: or Beef, Pork and Mutton.

J. Williams. 35

The market men, and the sturdy butchers, a hitherto musically neglected class, have, at length, something to sing. Joe Fillet, who "led in all" the cries of "Leadenhall" market, has adventures, in his love to charming "Sue, it" seems, which reveal less than a hundred puns in their narration. Good melody.

How do you like it, Jefferson D? Amos Patten. 30

A capital patriotic comic song, containing a number of queries addressed to the notorious Jeff, the finishing one in each verse being, "How do you like it, as far as you've got?"

Tony Pastor's medley, or the "Cottage by the sea."

30

Tony, who is one of the queerest of geniuses, here makes some curious combinations of song titles, during which "Isabella with the gingham umbrella" and a number of others, find themselves in the "cottage."

Do they pray for me at home? Song and Chorus. W. O. Fish. 25

Another fine "home" song.

Instrumental Music.

Faust. Fantasie elegante. J. Leybach. 60

Nearly all of the approved composers are having a dash at the great opera. Leybach does as well as the rest, and his fantasie has considerable originality in its arrangement.

Chanson à boire. (Drinking Song). J. Leybach. 50

Somewhat difficult to play gracefully, but when thoroughly learned is quite brilliant.

Faust. Potpourri. G. W. Marks. 1.00

Mark's potpourri from the various operas are famous, and extensively used. This one has some thing quite different from other arrangements, and is very brilliant.

La Perle du Soir. (Pearl of evening). Fantasie mazurka. E. Ketterer. 60

An admirable piece, worthy of being companion to the *Pluie de Perles*, and others of the same high order. Very graceful and musical. Of medium difficulty.

Books.

CZERNY'S GRAND FINISHING STUDIES. Books 4, 5, and 6. C. Czerny, each \$1.00

These studies are not "finishing," in the sense that they are extremely difficult. They are, perhaps, no harder than the Studies of Velocity, by the same author. They contain exercises, very ingeniously combined into pleasing airs, on trills, turns, runs, arpeggios, melodies with accompaniments;—in short, include all kinds of things which are needed to give a person a "finished" touch and execution, in all sorts of passages which are likely to occur in piano pieces.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

